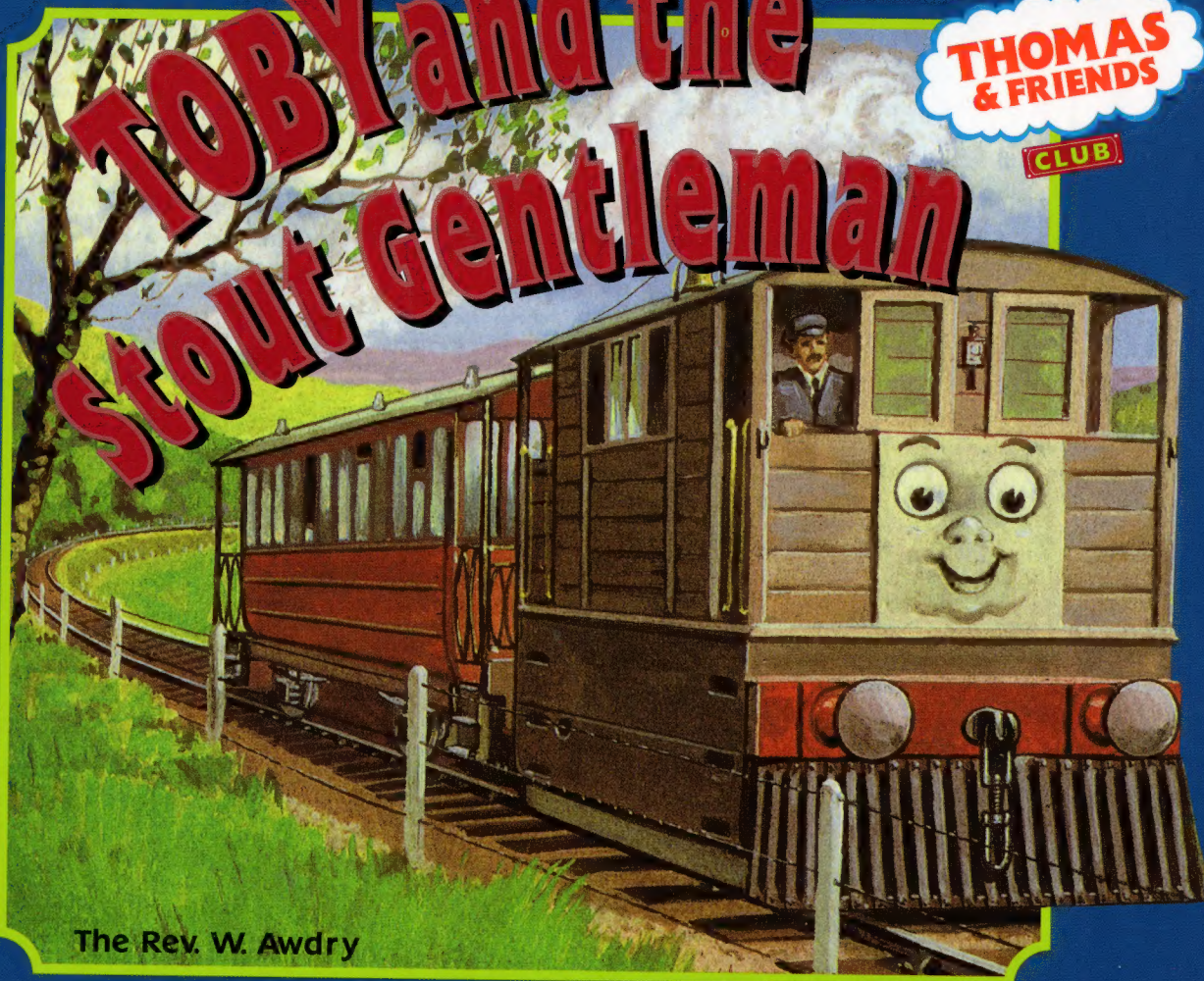


TOBY and the Stout Gentleman

THOMAS
& FRIENDS

CLUB



The Rev. W. Awdry



REALLY USEFUL WORDS

TRAM: a small steam locomotive in which the boiler is enclosed in an over-all cab

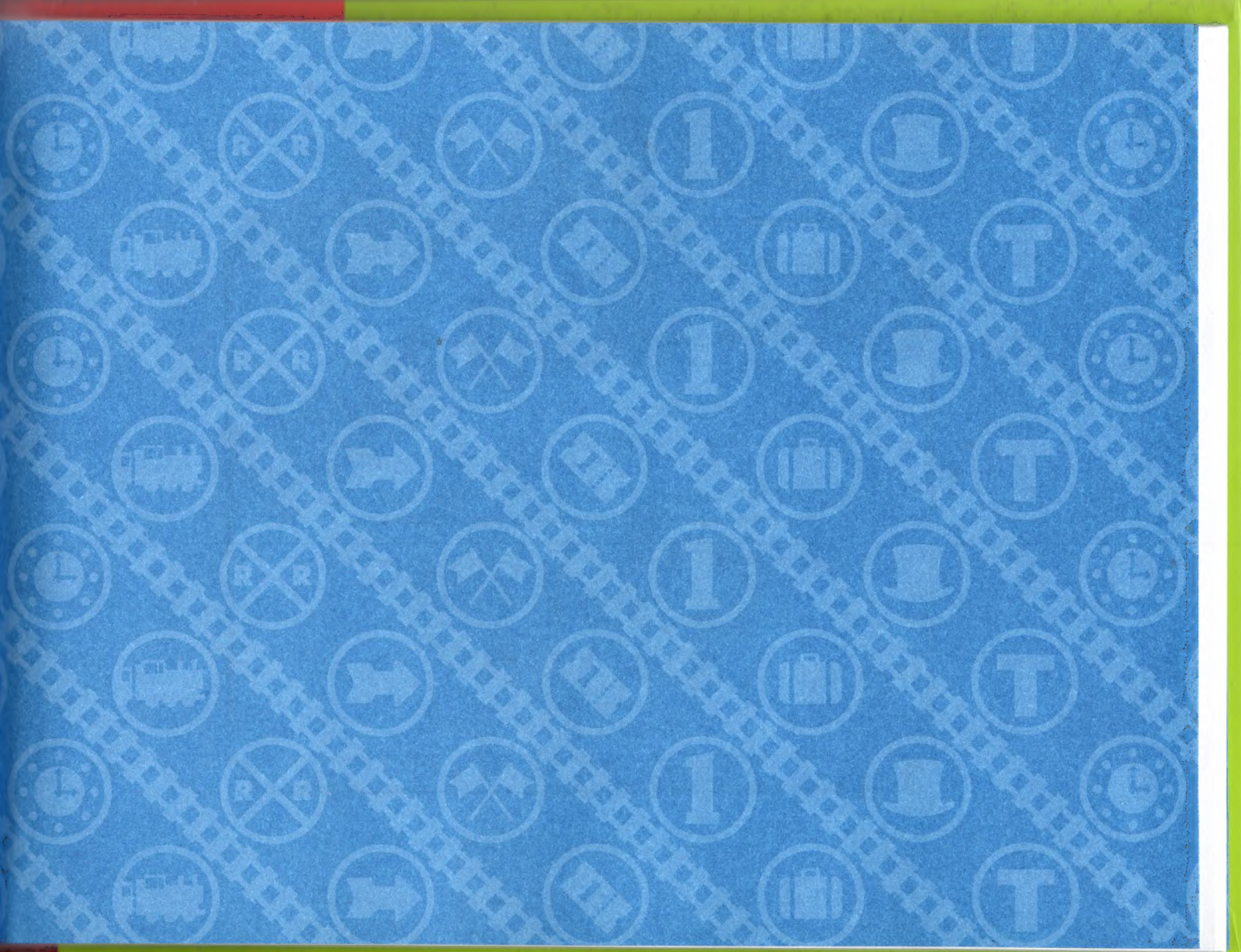
COWCATCHER: a grate on the front of an engine that moves objects off the track

SIDE-PLATES: the covers that protect and hide the wheels of some engines, especially tram engines

LORRY: a truck

FORTNIGHT: two weeks

BRAKE-VAN: the last car in the train; the Guard rides in it and controls the brakes for the rest of the cars or coaches in the train



Thomas the Tank Engine & Friends

A **BRIT** ^{Brit} ALLCROFT COMPANY PRODUCTION

Based on The Railway Series by The Rev W Awdry
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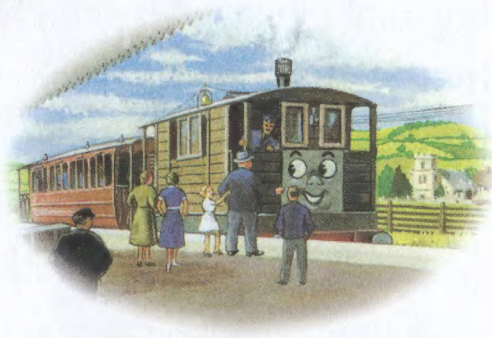
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TOBY and the Stout Gentleman



by
The REV. W. AWDRY

SCHOLASTIC INC.

New York Toronto London Auckland Sydney
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

You may wish to read this story before you read Thomas in Trouble.

Toby is a Tram Engine. He is short and sturdy. He has cowcatchers and side-plates, and doesn't look like a steam engine at all. He takes freight cars from farms and factories to the main line, and the big engines take them to London and elsewhere. His tramline runs along roads and through fields and villages. Toby rings his bell cheerfully to everyone he meets.

He has a coach called Henrietta, who has seen better days. She complains because she has few passengers. Toby is attached to Henrietta and always takes her with him.

"She might be useful one day," he says.



"It's not fair at all!" grumbles Henrietta as the buses roar past full of passengers. She remembers that she used to be full, and nine freight cars would rattle behind her.

Now there are only three or four, for the farms and factories send their goods mostly by lorry.

Toby is always careful on the road. The cars, buses, and lorries often have accidents. Toby hasn't had an accident for years, but the buses are crowded, and Henrietta is empty.

"I can't understand it," says Toby the Tram Engine.

People come to see Toby, but they come by bus. They stare at him. "Isn't he quaint!" they say, and laugh. They make him so cross.



One day a car stopped close by, and a little boy jumped out. "Come on, Bridget," he called to his sister, and together they ran across to Toby. Two ladies and a stout gentleman followed. The gentleman looked important, but nice.

The children ran back. "Come on, Grandfather, do look at this engine," and seizing his hands they almost dragged him along.

"That's a tram engine, Stephen," said the stout gentleman.

"Is it electric?" asked Bridget.

"Whoosh!" hissed Toby crossly.

"Sh!" said her brother, "you've offended him."

"But trams *are* electric, aren't they?"

"They are mostly," the stout gentleman answered, "but this is a steam tram."



"May we go in it, Grandfather? Please!"

The Guard had begun to blow his whistle.

"Stop," said the stout gentleman, and raised his hand. The Guard, surprised, opened his mouth, and the whistle fell out.

While he was picking it up, they all scrambled into Henrietta.

"Hip Hip Hurray!" chanted Henrietta, and she rattled happily behind.

Toby did not sing. "Electric indeed! Electric indeed," he snorted. He was very hurt.

The stout gentleman and his family got out at the junction, but waited for Toby to take them back to their car.



"What is your name?" asked the stout gentleman.

"Toby, Sir."

"Thank you, Toby, for a very nice ride."

"Thank *you*, Sir," said Toby politely. He felt better now. This gentleman, he thought, is a gentleman who knows how to speak to engines.

The children came every day for a fortnight. Sometimes they rode with the Guard, sometimes in empty freight cars, and on the last day of all the Driver invited them into his cab.

All were sorry when they had to go away.

Stephen and Bridget said, "Thank you" to Toby, his Driver, his Fireman, and the Guard.

The stout gentleman gave them all a present.



"Peep pip pip peep," whistled Toby. "Come again soon."

"We will, we will," called the children, and they waved till Toby was out of sight.

The months passed. Toby had few freight cars and fewer passengers.

"Our last day, Toby," said his Driver sadly one morning. "The Manager says we must close tomorrow."

That day Henrietta had more passengers than she could manage. They rode in the freight cars and crowded in the brake-van, and the Guard didn't have enough tickets to go around.

The passengers joked and sang, but Toby and his Driver wished they wouldn't.



“Good-bye, Toby,” said the passengers afterward, “we are sorry your line is closing down.”

“So am I,” said Toby sadly.

The last passenger left the station, and Toby puffed slowly to his shed.

Nobody wants me, he thought, and went unhappily to sleep.

Next morning the shed was flung open, and he woke with a start to see his Fireman dancing a jig outside. His Driver, excited, waved a piece of paper.

“Wake up, Toby,” they shouted, “and listen to this; it’s a letter from the stout gentleman.”

Toby listened and . . . *But I mustn’t tell you any more, or I should spoil the next story.*





REALLY USEFUL WORDS

QUARRY: the place where stone is taken from the earth

LINE: a train route

BUFFER: something that protects by cushioning, such as the barrier at the end of a track or a “bumper” on the front and back of an engine

COWCATCHER: a grate on the front of an engine that moves objects off the track

SIDE-PLATES: the covers that protect and hide the wheels of some engines, especially tram engines



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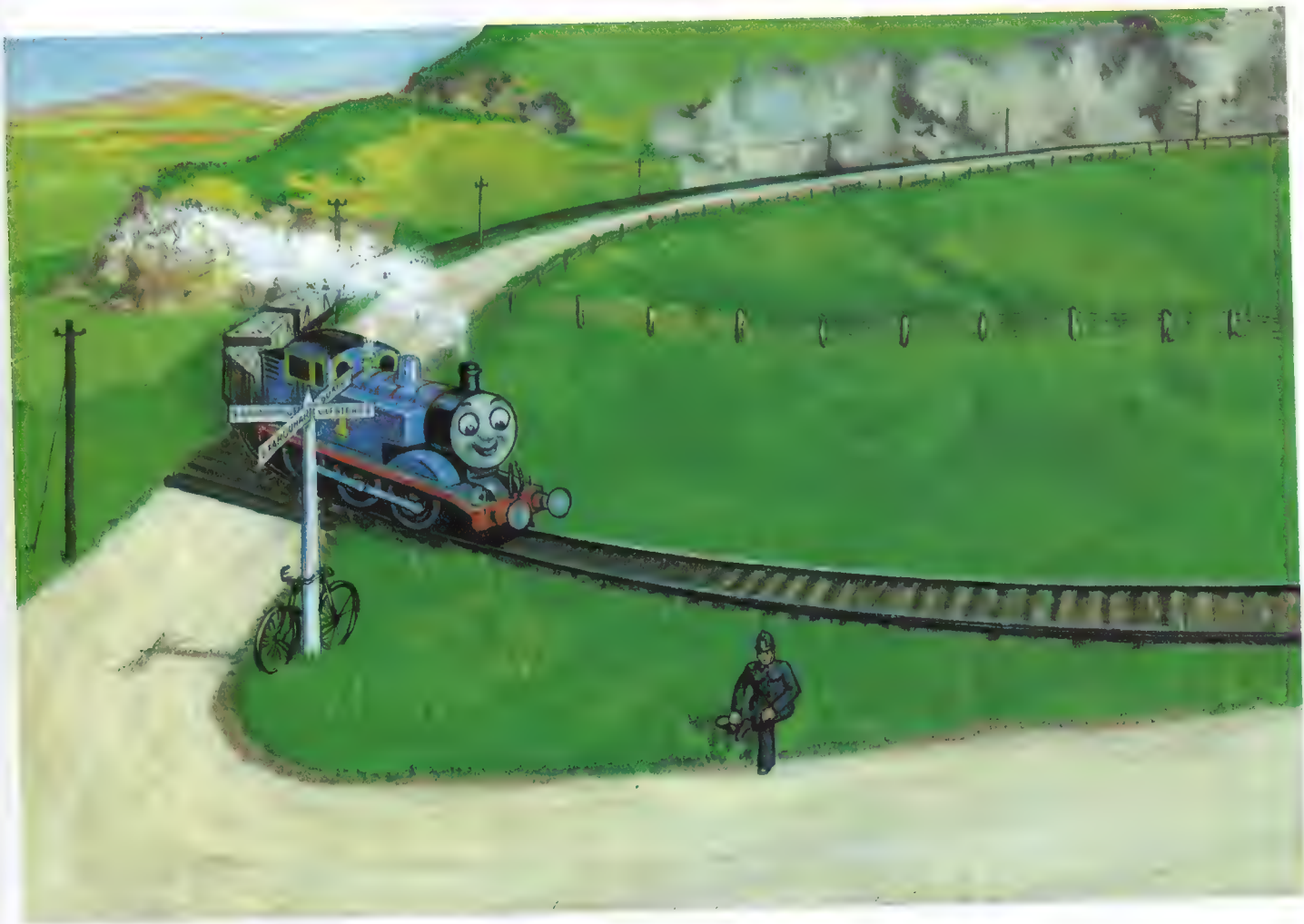
You may wish to read this story after you read Toby and the Stout Gentleman.

There is a line to a quarry at the end of Thomas' branch; it goes for some distance along the road.

Thomas was always very careful here in case anyone was coming.

"Peep pip peep!" he whistled; then the people got out of the way, and he puffed slowly along, with his freight cars rumbling behind him.

Early one morning there was no one on the road, but a large policeman was sitting on the grass close to the line. He was shaking a stone from his boot.



Thomas liked policemen. He had been a great friend of the Constable who used to live in the village; but he had just retired.

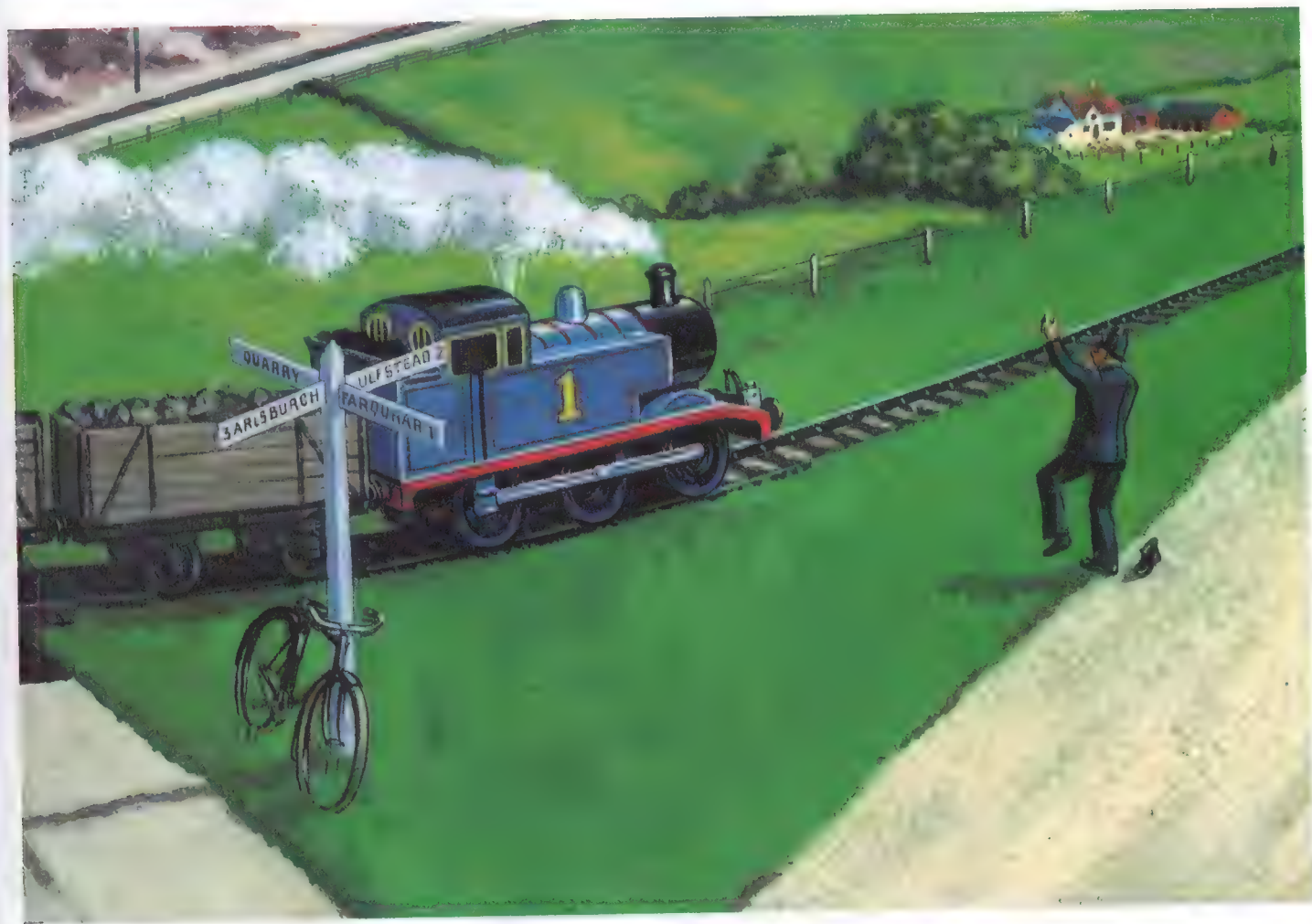
Thomas expected that the new Constable would be friendly, too.

"Peep peep," he whistled, "good morning."

The policeman jumped and dropped his boot. He scrambled up, and hopped around on one leg till he was facing Thomas.

Thomas was sorry to see that he didn't look friendly at all. He was red in the face and very cross.

The policeman wobbled about, trying to keep his balance.



“Disgraceful!” he spluttered. “I didn’t sleep a wink last night, it was so quiet, and now engines suddenly come whistling behind me! My first day in the country, too!”

He picked up his boot and hopped over to Thomas.

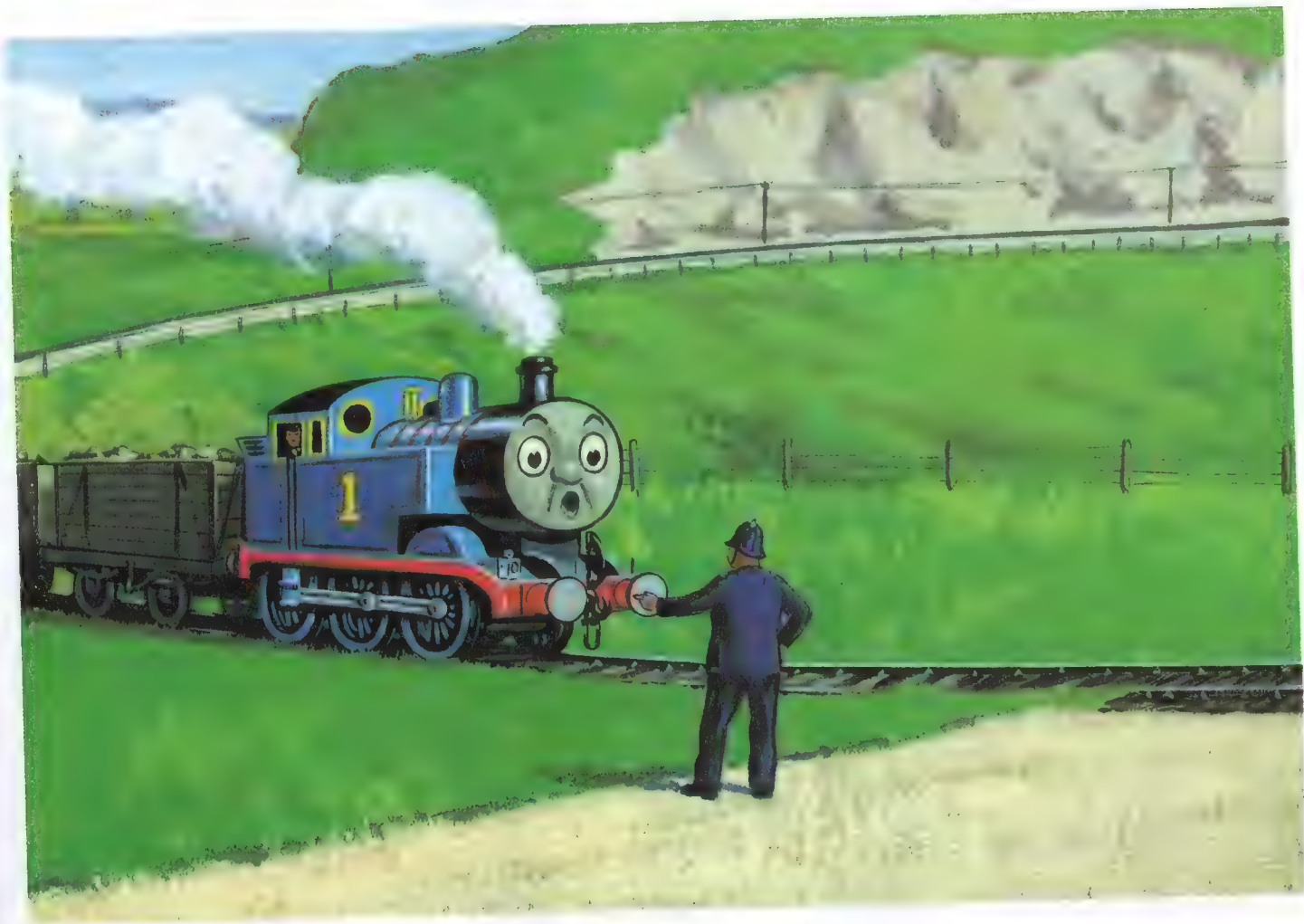
“I’m sorry, Sir,” said Thomas, “I only said ‘good morning.’ ”

The policeman grunted, and, leaning against Thomas’ buffer, he put his boot on.

He drew himself up and pointed to Thomas.

“Where’s your cowcatcher?” he asked accusingly.

“But I don’t catch cows, Sir!”



“Don’t be funny!” snapped the policeman. He looked at Thomas’ wheels. “No side-plates either,” and he wrote in his notebook.

“Engines going on public roads must have their wheels covered, and a cowcatcher in front. You haven’t, so you are Dangerous to the Public.”

“Rubbish!” said his Driver, “we’ve been along here hundreds of times and never had an accident.”

“That makes it worse,” the policeman answered. He wrote “regular lawbreaker” in his book.

Thomas puffed away sadly.



Sir Topham Hatt was having breakfast. He was eating toast and marmalade. He had the newspaper open in front of him, and his wife had just given him some more coffee.

The butler knocked and came in.

"Excuse me, Sir, you are wanted on the telephone."

"Bother that telephone!" said Sir Topham Hatt.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he said a few minutes later, "Thomas is in trouble with the police, and I must go at once."

He gulped down his coffee and hurried from the room.



At the junction, Thomas' Driver told Sir Topham Hatt what had happened.

"Dangerous to the Public indeed; we'll see about that!" And he climbed grimly into Annie the coach.

The policeman was on the platform at the other end. Sir Topham Hatt spoke to him at once, and a crowd gathered to listen.

Other policemen came to see what was happening and Sir Topham Hatt argued with them, too; but it was no good.

"The Law is the Law," they said, "and we can't change it."

Sir Topham Hatt felt exhausted.



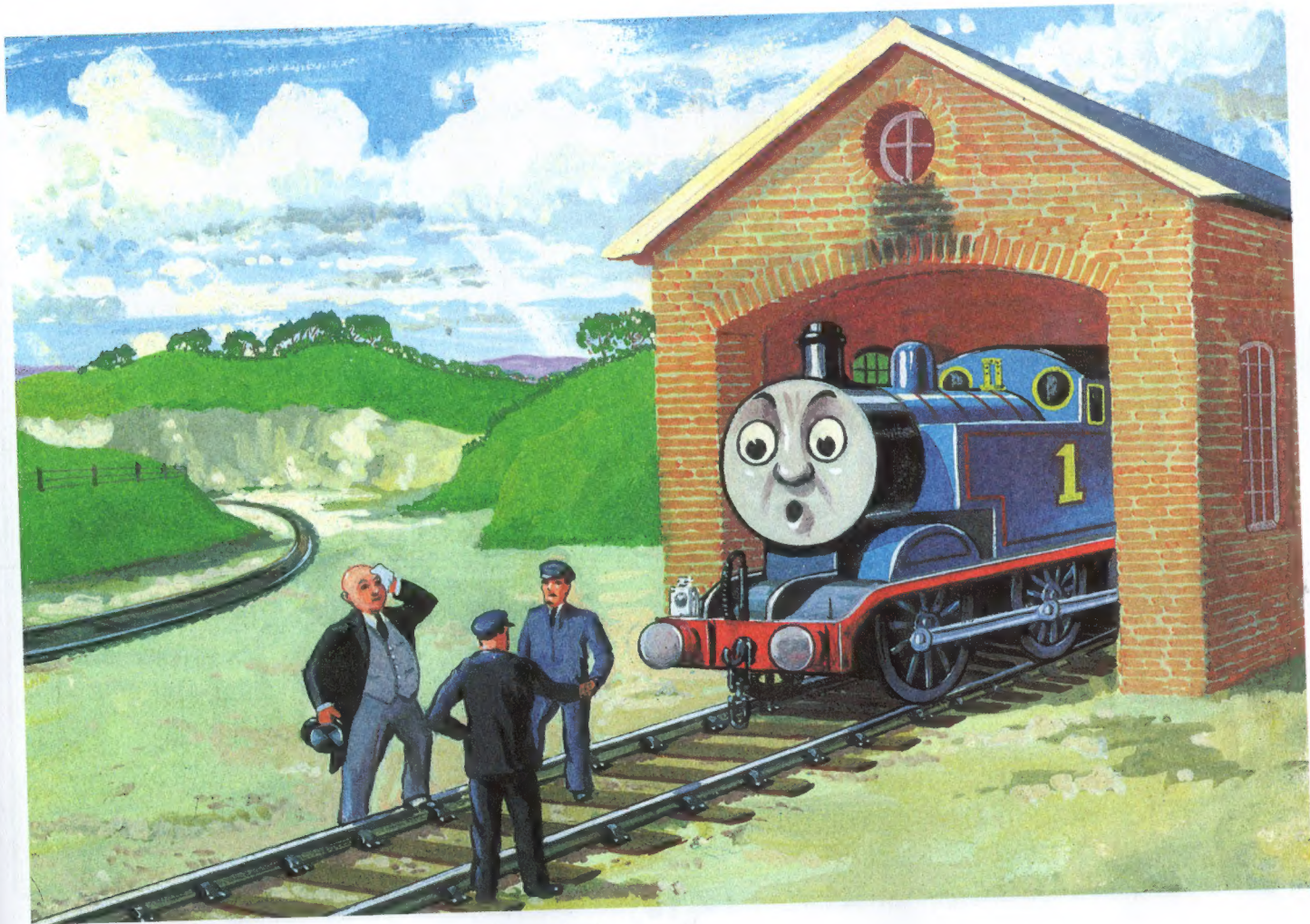
He mopped his face.

"I'm sorry, Driver," he said, "it's no use arguing with policemen. We will have to make those cowcatcher things for Thomas, I suppose."

"Everyone will laugh, Sir," said Thomas sadly, "they'll say I look like a tram."

Sir Topham Hatt stared, then he laughed.

"Well done, Thomas! Why didn't I think of it before? We want a Tram Engine! When I was on my holiday, I met a nice little engine called Toby. He hasn't enough work to do, and needs a change. I'll write to his Controller at once."



A few days later Toby arrived.

"That's a good engine," said Sir Topham Hatt, "I see you've brought Henrietta."

"You don't mind, do you, Sir?" asked Toby anxiously. "The Station-Master wanted to use her as a henhouse, and that would never do."

"No, indeed," said Sir Topham Hatt gravely, "we couldn't allow that."

Toby made the freight cars behave even better than Thomas did.

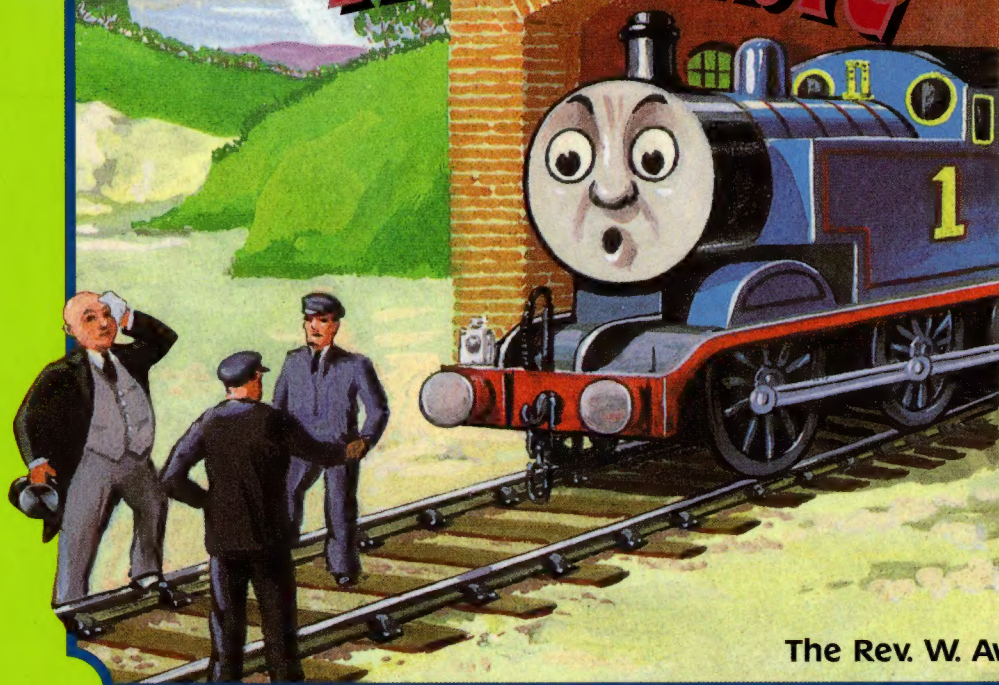
At first Thomas was jealous, but he was so pleased when Toby rang his bell and made the policeman jump that they have been firm friends ever since.



THOMAS in Trouble

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2

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